

## PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

They Run Over a Peasant with an Automobile and Climb "Glaziers" in Switzerland—Dad Falls Over a Precipice, But Is Rescued by the Guides.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Publisher of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)  
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GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—MY DEAR OLD MAN: By ginger, but I would like to be home now. I have had enough of foreign travel; I don't see what is the use of traveling, to see people of foreign countries, when you can go to any large city in America, and find more people belonging to any foreign country than you can find by going to that country, and they know a confounded sight more. Take the Russians in New York, the Norwegians of Minnesota, the Italians of Chicago, and the Germans in Milwaukee, and they can talk English, and you can find out all about their own countries by talking with them, but you go to their countries and the natives don't know that there is such a language as the United States language, and they laugh at you when you ask questions. I am sick of the whole business, and would give all I ever expect to be worth, to be home right now, with my skates sharp.

I would like to open the door of your old grocery, and take one long breath, and die right there on the doorstep, rather than to live in luxury in any foreign country. Do you know, I sometimes go into a grocery store abroad, and smell around, in order to get my thoughts on dear old America, but nothing abroad smells as the same thing does in our country. If I could get one more smell of that keg of sauerkraut back of your counter, when it is ripe enough to pick, I think I would break right down and cry for joy. Of course I have smelled sauerkraut over here, but it all seems new and tame compared to yours. It may be the kraut here is not aged enough to be good, but yours is aged enough to vote and sticks to your clothes. Gee, but I just ache to get into your grocery and eat things, and smell smells, and then lay down on the counter with the cat with my head on a pile of wrapping paper and go to sleep and wake up in America, an American citizen, that no king or queen can tell to "hush up" and take off my hat when I want my hat on.

You may wonder how we got out of Monte Carlo, when we had lost every cent we had gambling. Well, we wondered about it all night, and had our breakfast sent up to our room, and had it charged, expecting that when the bill came in we would have to jump into the ocean, as we had no gun to kill ourselves with. Just after breakfast a duke, or something, came to our room, and said it was all off, and he called upon the Dakota man to make a speech on politics, while dad and I skipped out. We thought the duke, who was the manager of the hotel, would not understand the speech, and would think we were great people, who had got stranded.

The Dakota man started in on a democratic speech that he used to deliver in the campaign of '96, and in half an hour the duke held up his hands, and the Dakota man let up on the speech. Then the duke took out a roll of bills and said: "Ze shentlemen is what you call bust. Is it not so?" Dad said he could be his life it was so. Then the duke handed the roll of bills to dad, and said it was a tribute from the prince of Monaco, and that we were his guests, and when our stay was at an end, automobiles would be furnished for us to go to Nice, where we could cable home for funds, and be happy.

Well, when the duke left us, dad said: "Wouldn't that skin you?" and he gave the Dakota man one of the bills to try on the bartender, and when he found the money was good we ordered an automobile and skipped out for Nice. The chauffeur could not understand English, so we talked over the situation and decided that the only way to be looked upon as genuine automobilists would be to wear goggles and look prosperous and mad at everybody. We took turns looking mad at everybody we passed on the road, and got it down so fine that people picked up rocks after we had passed, and threw them at us, and then we knew that we were succeeding in being considered genuine, rich automobile tourists.

After we had succeeded for an hour or two in convincing the people that we were properly heartless and purse proud, dad said to me only thing we needed to make the trip a success was to run over somebody. He said nearly all the American automobile tourists in Europe had killed somebody and had been obliged to settle and support a family or two in France or Italy, and they were prouder of it than they would be if they endowed a university, or built a church, and he said we trusted our chauffeur would not be too careful in running through the country, but would at least cripple some one.

Well, just before we got to Nice, and

darkness was settling down on the road, the chauffeur blew his horn, there was a scream that would raise hair on Horace Greeley's head, the automobile stopped, and there was a bundle of dusty old clothes, with an old woman done up in them, and we jumped out and lifted her up, and there we were, the woman in a faint, the peasants gathering around us with scythes and rakes and clubs, demanding our lives. The bloody-faced woman was taken into a home, the crowd held us, until finally a doctor came, and after examining the woman said she might live, but it would be a tight squeeze. We wanted to go on, but we didn't want to be cut open with a scythe, so finally a man, who said he was the husband of the woman, came out with a gun, dad got down on his



DAD GOT DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

knees and tried to say a prayer, the Dakota man held up both hands like it was a stage being held up, and I cried. Finally the chauffeur said, in broken English, that the husband would settle for \$400, because he could pay the funeral expenses, get another wife for half the money and have something left to lay up for Christmas. As the man's gun was pointed at dad, he quit praying and gave up the money and agreed to send \$50 a month for 11 years, until the oldest child was of age.

Well, we got away, alive, got into Nice, and the chauffeur started back and we cabled home for money to be sent to Geneva, Switzerland. But, say, you have not heard the sequel. A story that has a sequel is always the best, and I hope to die if the police of Nice didn't tell us that we were bunched by that old woman and that the chauffeur was in the scheme and got part of dad's money. The way they do it is to wait till dark, and then roll the woman in the dust and put some red ink on her face, and she pretends to be run over, and the doctor is hired by the month, and they average \$500 a night, playing that game on automobile tourists from America. After the woman is run over every night, and the money is collected, and the victims have been allowed to go on their way, the whole community gathers at the house of the injured woman and they have a celebration and a dance, and probably our chauffeur got back to the house that night in time to enjoy the celebration. I suppose thousands of Americans are paying money for killing people that never got a scratch.

Say, we think in America that we have plenty of ways to rob the tenderfoot, but they give us cards and spades and little casino and beat us every time. Dad wanted to hire a hack and go back and finish that old woman with an ax, because he said he had a corpse coming to him, but the police told him he could be arrested for thinking murder, and that he was a dangerous man, and that they would give him 12 hours to get out of France, and so we bought tickets for Switzerland, though what we came here for I don't know, only dad said it was a republic like America and he wanted to breathe the free air of mountains in the home of the Swiss.

Well, anybody can have Switzerland if they want it. I will sell my interest cheap. The first three days we were here everybody wanted us to go out on the lake, said to be the most beautiful lake in the world, and we sailed on it, and rowed on it, and looked down into the clear water where it is said you can see a corpse on the bottom of the lake 100 feet down. We hadn't lost any corpse, except the corpse of that old woman we run over at Nice, but we wanted to get the worth of our money, so we kept looking for days, but the search for a corpse becomes tame after awhile, and we gave it up. All we saw in the bottom of the lake was a cow, but no man can weep properly over the remains of a cow, and dad said they could go to the deuce with their corpses, and we just camped at the hotel till our money came. Say, that lake they talk



ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET WITH THE ROPE ON HIM.

so much about is no better than lakes all over Wisconsin, and there are no black bass or muskellunges in it. The tourists here are just daffy about climbing mountains and glaziers, and they talk about it all the time, and I could see dad's finish. They told him that no American that ever visited Switzerland would be recognized when he got home if he had not climbed the glaziers, so dad arranged for a trip up into the sky. We went 100 miles or so on the cars, passing along valleys where all the cows wear tea bells, and it sounds like chiming in the distance. It is beautiful in Switzerland, but the cheese is something awful. A piece of native Swiss cheese would break up a family.

At night we arrived at a station where we hired guides and clothes, and

things, and the next morning we started. Dad wanted me to stay at the station a couple of days, while he was gone, and play with the goats, but I told him if there were any places in the mountains or glaziers any more dangerous than Paris or Monte Carlo, I wanted to visit them, so he let me go. Well, we were rigged up for discovering the north pole, and had alpenstocks to push ourselves up with, and the guides had ropes to pull us up when we got to places where we couldn't climb. I could get along all right, but they had dad on a rope most of the time pulling him until his tongue ran out and his face turned blue. Dad was game, and didn't you forget it.

Before noon we got on top of a glazier, which is the ice of a frozen river, that moves all the time, sliding towards the sea. There was nothing but a hard winter, in summer, to the experience, and we would have gone back the same night, only dad slipped down a crevice about 100 feet with the rope on him, and the two guides couldn't pull him up, and we had to send a lunch down to him on the rope and one of the guides had to go back to the village for help to get dad up. Well, sir, I think dad was nearer dead than he ever was before, but they sent down a bottle of brandy, and when he drank some of it the snow began to melt, and he was warm enough to use bad language.

He yelled to me that this was the limit and wanted to know how long they were going to keep him there. I yelled to him that one of the guides had gone for help to pull him out, and he said for them to order a yoke of oxen. I told him that probably he would have to remain there until spring opened and that I was going back to America and leave him there, and he better pray. I don't know whether dad prayed, down there in the bowels of the mountains, but he didn't pray when help came, and they finally hauled him up. His breath was gone, but he gave those guides some language that would set them to thinking if they could have understood him, and finally we started down the mountain. They kept the rope on dad and every little while he would slip and slide 100 feet or so down the mountain on his pants, and the snow would go up his trousers legs clear to his collar, and the exercise made him so hot that the steam came out of his clothes, and he looked like a locomotive wrecked in a snow bank blowing off steam.

It became dark and I expected we would be killed, but before midnight we got to the station and changed our clothes and paid off the guides and took a train back. Dad said to me, as we got on the cars: "Now, Henny, I have done this glazier stunt, just to show you that a brave man, whatever his age, is equal to anything they can propose in Europe, but by ginger, this settles it, and now I want to go where things come easier. I am now going to Turkey and see how the Turks worry along. Are you with me?" "You bet your life," says I. Yours truly,

HENRY.

### BEFORE THE OLD MAINE LAW

Anecdote Is Told of a Struggle for Prohibition in the Pine Tree State.

N. F. Woodbury, the Maine representative of the prohibition national committee, was talking about the political fights for total abstinence that have from time to time stirred up his state. "In the past," said Mr. Woodbury, "before Maine had been won over to prohibition, there used to be a village—a bleak, gray village on the coast—where the contests over the liquor question were always hot. In this village, as election day drew near, each party would try to do outdo the other. If one side paraded 200 strong the other side paraded 300 strong. If one side held a mass meeting and sang a hymn, the other side would hold a mass meeting with a band and a lunch as well. There was one liquor saloon in the village, and a week before a certain election a placard as big as the entire front of the house was raised before it. This enormous placard said in huge red letters: 'If the prohibition law passes this house will be closed.' The saloon, you see, was cozy and inviting to such as liked a glass of beer, and the purpose of the placard was to put sorrow and fear into the breasts of drinking men, to stir them up to win votes, lest their pleasant meeting place be taken from them. That was the idea of the placard, and it was a good idea. But in the dead of the night certain odd noises were heard, and the next morning the enormous placard covered the front of the village parsonage."

### Plenty of Palaces.

The czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany might, if they please, dispute with each other as to which of the two owns the greater number of palaces. Each might sleep in a different house every night for a month and not exhaust the number of his various dwelling places. The czar is said to own many country seats—which are kept up in every detail, furnished and furnished, and crowded with servants—into which he has never set foot. King Edward of England, while occupying regularly but four, has a dozen or more homes, which are ready for him at all times.

### Jap General in the Field.

Frederick Palmer, the correspondent who has been with Gen. Kuroki in the field, says in his recently published book: "Gen. Kuroki spent most of his time in the shade. Gen. Fujii, the chief, went to sleep in the thick of the fight on the 2d. He had worked most of the night planning for that day. He could not make the work of our infantry any easier or make the fire of our guns any more accurate by watching them. When he was wanted he could be awakened."

### Lesson from Japan.

From the Japanese we are slowly learning not to bunch a miscellaneous lot of cut flowers in vases for ruses, but to give each flower its natural, characteristic attitude and isolation, and the result is far more artistic and beautiful.—Garden Magazine.

### The Only Way.

"If you want a thing well done," began the Quotation Fiend. "Tell the waiter you want it rare," finished the restaurant victim.—Cleveland Leader.

## COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

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## RAILROAD RATE LEGISLATION

It Is Unconstitutional and Unnecessary to Confiscate the Property of the Railways.

Testifying before the Senate Committee at Washington, Inter-State Commerce Commission Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give to that Commission the power to regulate railway rates:

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commission or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. . . . The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent, or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the Circuit Court of the United States has jurisdiction under the fourteenth amendment to restrain that. . . . I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature, takes away that rate, the fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

## PORTLAND EXPOSITION NOTES.

The manufacture of gold pens will form one of the many interesting working displays at the Lewis and Clark exposition.

St. Louis artists will have a comprehensive exhibit of Missouri art at the Lewis and Clark exposition, as an offset to the general belief that Missouri produces mainly apples and army mules.

The Illinois building at the Lewis and Clark exposition is a replica of the home in which Abraham Lincoln lived while a resident of Springfield. This property is said to have been the only real estate the martyred president ever owned.

## Not in His Line.

She—Mr. Yankem, do you know the meaning of the Latin phrase, "Requiescat in pace?" He—I'm afraid not. I'm a dentist, you know, not a physician.—Chicago Daily News.

## SCIENTIFIC SPECIALS.

Incandescent gases under slight pressure give light composed of lines, but under pressure a continuous spectrum.

According to recent measurements the magnetic energy of the earth seems to be decreasing at the rate of 1.6 per cent. in 46 years. While this would be alarming if permanent, the measurements are so incomplete as to indicate the decrease may be only one phase of the variation over a long period.

Considerable reduction in the cost of fuel has been accomplished by the introduction of water gas in glass melting and blowing in Bohemia and Stockholm. In one instance where coal gas had been previously used in an incandescent lamp factory making from 5,000 to 7,000 lamps a day, the introduction of Delwick gas effected a saving in the cost of fuel of 30 per cent. in soldering the glass bulbs and heating the lamps during the vacuum pumping.

The snake's tongue proves to be a most remarkable organ. A Maryland woman student finds that its chief function is connected with a sense of feeling without touch, and may be a finer development of the sense that enables some people to avoid striking obstacles in the dark. The forked tip and the numerous folds behind it greatly increase the surface exposure. The cells of the epidermis are interlaced by a network of extremely fine fibers, which center in a deep nerve plexus beneath the epidermis and extending out into the folds.

A substance possessing curious properties is announced in Germany—a compound of carbolic acid, saponine and camphor with a little turpentine. This mixture, it is asserted, will solidify when heated and melt again when cooled. Solidification with heat is a property of albuminous substances such as the white of an egg, but such substances will not liquefy again on cooling, the coagulation being a permanent chemical change. The mixture described above to which the name "cryostase" has been given, will apparently solidify and liquefy as often as desired, when heated and cooled to the proper points.

## TALES OF THE TIMES.

Once the late bishop of London was ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible; he had so many engagements. "Well, my lord bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or Heaven." "Oh, in that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."

Mathematics being the topic of conversation of a group in an English inn one evening, one of the company proposed the old-time problem: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what would three herrings cost?" There was a silence for several minutes while all sat smoking and thinking. At last one of the thinkers spoke: "Bill, did you say 'erring or mackerel?'"

Linemen were engaged in putting up telegraph poles on land belonging to an old farmer, who objected. The men produced a paper by which they said they were allowed to put the poles where they pleased. The farmer went back and turned a large bull into the field. The savage beast made after the men and the old farmer, seeing them running, shouted: "Show him the paper! Show him the paper!"

A young bride was recently invited to a bridge luncheon, and after spending a delightful afternoon was told by her hostess that she was in debt \$75. Unaware that she had been playing for money, she was horrified at the idea of having to ask her husband for the necessary amount. She mournfully confided her woes to him, and he immediately wrote a check for \$75.00, and sent it to the hostess. The hostess, believing that a mistake had been made, informed him that he had sent \$150 too much. However, he returned it with the curt statement that the \$75 settled the bridge score, and the balance was for his wife's luncheon.

## SUNDY SQUIBS.

Wife—"The Chinese begin the new year by paying all their bills." Husband—"But, my dear, the Chinese are heathen."

"Ah! proud beauty!" exclaimed little Suifkins, "you spurn my love now, but let me tell you, I will not always be a clerk. I—" "That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."

"I was surprised," said Rev. Mr. Goodman, sternly, "to see you playing golf last Sabbath. I should think you'd do better—" "Oh!" replied Hardcase, "I usually do. I was in wretched form last Sunday."

"Sometimes," said the literary man with spectacular tendencies, "one comes to a point where it is a terrible strain to write any more." "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Slax; "I often experience that sensation in working on a check book."

"What!" exclaimed Crittick. "Going on the lecture platform, are you?" "Yes," replied the conceited young author; "that is just to give readings from my own works, you know." "But suppose you should prove to be a poor reader, too. It would be a double frost."

Czar's "Police Dogs." It is said that at the instance of the czar trained "police dogs" have been purchased from Brunswick, Germany, where the animals are said to be educated for this work in a manner far superior to any other locality. The animals secured by the Russian government were designed especially for the service of protecting the czar.

Or Assent. Most men will admit that they have more brains than money.—N. Y. Times.

## Backache, "The Blues"

Both Symptoms of Organic Derangement in Women—Thousands of Sufferers Find Relief.



How often do we hear women say: "It seems as though my back would break," or "Don't speak to me, I am all out of sorts?" These significant remarks prove that the system requires attention. Backache and "the blues" are direct symptoms of an inward trouble which will sooner or later declare itself. It may be caused by diseased kidneys or some uterine derangement. Nature requires assistance, and at once, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the ablest specialists agree that it is the most universally successful remedy for women's ills known to medicine.

The following letters from Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Cotrely are among the many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those whom she has relieved. Sincerely testimonial is convincing. Mrs. J. G. Holmes, of Larimore, North Dakota, writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have suffered everything with backache and womb trouble—I let the trouble run on until my system was in such a condition that I was unable to be about, and then I commenced to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If I had only known how much suffering I would have saved, I should have taken it months sooner—for a few weeks' treatment made me well and strong. My backache and headaches are all gone and I suffer no pain at my menstrual periods, whereas before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered intense pain."

Mrs. Emma Cotrely, 109 East 12th Street, New York City, writes: Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's ills.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

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## FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., but her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice and medicine have restored to health more than one hundred thousand women.

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